come on friends get up now, you're not alone at all

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/20199538.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	The Umbrella Academy (TV)
Relationships:	Dolores/Number Five | The Boy (Umbrella Academy), Number Five | The Boy & Klaus Hargreeves
Characters:	Number Five | The Boy (Umbrella Academy), Klaus Hargreeves, Delores
Additional Tags:	Getting Together, Birthday, so you're having your birthday in the apocalypse, Ghost!Klaus
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Comes And Goes (In Waves)
Collections:	treesaps, love and big apprish to the writers and betas and podfic creators of these pieces
Stats:	Published: 2019-08-11 Words: 1,880 Chapters: 1/1

come on friends get up now, you’re not alone at all

by hujwernoo

Summary

Five rolls his eyes. “You indulge him too much,” he tells Delores.

“I will have you know that it is *my birthday,* and when the birthday boy asks for a dance it is *extremely rude* to deny him,” Klaus sniffs. “Delores isn’t like the other heathens around here.”

“Yeah, well, what about when the other birthday boy wants to cut in?” Five moves towards them, hand held out to Delores in invitation.

Klaus stops spinning and eyes the hand. He looks between it and Delores. Finally he huffs and hands her over. “I’m the better dancer, though,” he tells Five.

‘I’m sorry, but he’s right,’ Delores said.

“I can live with that,” Five says, and holds Delores close as he moves in a slow circle.

Notes

Here's that interquel I promised! The next story will start posting in about a week or so, it's nearly done! Thank you all so much for reading my stories, everyone!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Français available: Trad - come on friends get up now, you’re not alone at all by Loclo4

Five can honestly say he's gotten pretty good at the whole 'surviving in the apocalypse' thing.

It's not *easy,* of course. It's a lot of hard work, an annoying amount of guessing, and no small helping of luck. The broken leg he got six months after his arrival nearly did him in, and he still remembers the time he spent limping around in a makeshift cast with a wince. He contracted a nasty fever two years ago, and the closest he can figure out is that it *might* have come from an improperly sealed can. Eight months ago he broke his thumb, and couldn't write without pain for weeks, or do a startlingly large number of tasks around the base. There's always something lurking around the corner waiting to bludgeon him if he's the slightest bit underprepared, so he's gotten pretty good at being the opposite.

Naturally, it helps that he has a ghost on his side.

Five once worked out that having Klaus around allows him roughly 90% more leeway than he would have if he was working alone. In a fit of insanity, he mentioned this to Klaus, and so Five spent the next two weeks having to listen to his brother brag about how he's singlehandedly responsible for Five's continued survival. It's not something Five is eager to repeat.

Then again, today *is* a special occasion.

"Happy birthday, Five!" Klaus is grinning so widely Five's cheeks ache in sympathy.

"Happy birthday, Klaus," Five dutifully repeats.

"You're *eighteen!*" Klaus bounces up and down, the flowery, flowy skirt he's wearing swishing around him. "I guess that's less important in the apocalypse, but still, you're technically an adult now!"

Five rolls his eyes, but smiles a little at Klaus' enthusiasm. By all rights, Five is not *actually* eighteen today. He time-travelled from November, 2002, to April, 2019, which means he's still six months away from being chronologically eighteen on today, October 1. But he and Klaus collectively decided that not having their birthday on the same day anymore was just weird, and if anything can be used as an excuse for premature aging it was the apocalypse. So today Five is turning eighteen and Klaus is turning thirty-four, despite neither of them actually *being* those ages, physically speaking.

Speaking of physical - Five flicks a pebble at Klaus. It sails right through, and Klaus makes an exaggerated pout.

"You know, now that you're an adult, that can be tried as aggravated assault," Klaus sniffs.

"If you try to convince me you count as law enforcement, I will fall down laughing," Five informs him. "Come help me with this, it's heavy."

"Well, I enforce bedtime, does that count?" Klaus sashays over and picks up the other end of the drum of oil. Five would roll it, but the ground is so strewn with rocks he would hardly get

ten feet.

Five grunts and glares at his brother, unable to reply with the drum pressing into his ribcage. There's also the part where it's *true* - Five often has to be bodily pulled out of his workroom so that he'll get some sleep, and no matter how many times Five tries to train himself out of falling into a fugue of numbers (if only to avoid the embarrassment), it *keeps happening.*

Five has given serious thought to working out a way to prevent Klaus from being visible to people other than him. He has *way* too much blackmail.

They set down the drum into the wagon. Despite the modifications Five has made to make it more sturdy, it creaks under the weight. Five makes a mental note to inspect it for stressed parts later. The last thing he needs is for his best transport for supplies to break down on him.

Not the only one, of course. Five has another wagon back at the base, along with a car he's moderately good at driving. But between the modifications and the fact that the roads aren't *quite* fit to drive on, this wagon is his preferred vehicle.

"Would you care for a dance, mi'lady?" Klaus says extravagantly to Delores, sitting in the back of the wagon. He grins at her, and then swoops her into his arms and starts spinning around.

Five rolls his eyes. "You indulge him too much," he tells Delores.

"I will have you know that it is *my birthday,* and when the birthday boy asks for a dance it is *extremely rude* to deny him," Klaus sniffs. "Delores isn't like the other heathens around here."

"Yeah, well, what about when the other birthday boy wants to cut in?" Five moves towards them, hand held out to Delores in invitation.

Klaus stops spinning and eyes the hand. He looks between it and Delores. Finally he huffs and hands her over. "I'm the better dancer, though," he tells Five.

'I'm sorry, but he's right,' Delores said.

"I can live with that," Five says, and holds Delores close as he moves in a slow circle.

Klaus hums a vague melody as Five and Delores dance. It's not something Five recognizes, and Klaus may in fact be making it up as he goes along. The tune dips and wavers and wanders, and just generally does it's best impression of a drunken songbird. It's honestly the most Klaus-like song he's ever heard.

Delores is wearing a lovely purple blouse, with the hems edged with sequins. Klaus did her makeup last night, and he really outdid himself this time. Her eyes are luminous and large, ringed with eyeliner and shadow, and there are faint hints of rouge on her cheeks. There's earrings clipped to her ears, modest and tasteful. She's stunning.

She smiles at Five, the small, quiet smile she gives just for him.

Five is also smiling, which he does with far more frequency than he'd ever have expected, if asked right after his arrival into the apocalypse. He's not sure he'd go so far as to say he's *happy* - he doesn't think he'll ever be truly happy until he's back with his entire family, alive and well, in a living and thriving world - but he's content. Right now, in this moment, he is content.

Five spins around again and notices that Klaus has dropped out of visibility, although he's continuing to hum. Since Klaus rarely goes invisible these days, Five suspects he did so now to give the two of them the illusion of privacy.

Wait, is he….

Sure enough, the humming trails off, the last note hanging in the air. Five looks at Delores.

Dammit, Klaus, Five thinks. *You could have given me a warning.*

'Five?' Delores asks curiously. *'Is there a reason Klaus left?'*

"Um," Five says. He feels tongue-tied all of a sudden.

'Yes, Five?' she asks gently.

"I," Five says. He swallows.

Delores waits patiently.

"You're amazing, Delores." Five says. "I mean - you've always been there for me, ever since I found you. And I know Klaus was there, too, but you were the first one I *knew* was there, the first one I relied on to get through the apocalypse. And - you never let me down. I can't ever thank you enough for that."

'Five,' she says.

"Let me finish," he says, and swallows again. "Delores, I know that when I found you, I was only thirteen. But the apocalypse has a way of aging you, and today I'm - well, technically I'm an adult now. I've always admired you, but lately my feelings have been deeper. I've been wondering how to broach the subject with you, and I just - decided to go all in."

Five takes a deep breath and steels himself. "Delores, I'm in love with you. It would make me the happiest man on what's left of this Earth if you were to say the same."

He shuts his mouth with a *click* of teeth, and waits for her to reply.

'Oh Five,' she says, and he's never heard a more beautiful sound, except for what she says next, which is, *'Of course I do.'*

"You - you do?" Five repeats, dumbfounded.

'Yes. Number Five Hargreeves, I love you.'

Five feels something light inside his chest, and he laughs. He hugs Delores close, and spins around so quickly they both fall over. He's still laughing as they hit the dirt, dust puffing up in a halo around them.

Delores is laughing too, a light and airy sound. Five cannot actually remember ever *giggling* before, but he is now. Even the thought of Klaus holding it over his head for the rest of his life isn't enough to stop the sound from coming out, not that Five is giving much thought to his brother at the moment.

"I wasn't sure," he says breathlessly. "I wasn't sure you'd say that. I didn't want to ruin our friendship - I still don't. I just thought you should know."

'Five, don't be absurd,' she chides. *'As much as I dislike some of your habits, none of them could ever be enough for me to abandon our friendship. This is just opening up a new dimension, like how the inverted tempo-spatial plane becomes larger if approached from above."*

"Oh my god, you're right," Five realizes.

'Of course I am,' she says with a smile.

Five laughs again and hugs her tighter.

They sit there on the ground for several more minutes in comfortable silence. Five seems to have a permanent smile affixed to his face now, but he's surprisingly okay with that.

Which is, naturally, when Klaus pops back into view. His hands are held over his eyes, and he says, loudly, "If you two kids are making out, I'm going to have to separate you!"

"We aren't," Five says, refusing to blush. Delores laughs again.

"What?" Klaus whips his hands away and looks dismayed. "You aren't? It didn't work? Five, you practiced that speech for days! And Delores, you made me spend *hours* on your makeup! No, of course I loved doing it, but come on, that's my best work! What does it take to get you two together? Do I have to search for closets to lock you in?"

"No," Five says, because knowing his brother he would totally do that. "You don't need to do that, Klaus. We're together. She accepted."

Klaus squeals like a prepubescent girl. *"Really?"*

"Really," Five echoes with Delores. He shares an amused look with her.

Klaus cheers and jumps around like a malfunctioning jack-in-the-box. Five looks at Delores instead of his brother, because seeing Klaus' bare feet coming down on the rocky, rubble-strewn ground *still* makes his own feet ache.

"You made him do your makeup for hours?" Five whispers to Delores.

'Well,' she says with a coquettish smile. *'I wanted to give you a good birthday gift.'*

Five ducks his head and grins. “Well,” he says, “You succeeded.”

‘Don’t I always?’ she asks loftily, and they laugh.

Sitting on the dirty, cracked ground in the middle of what was once the city he called home, Five takes a moment to look around. It’s not something he’d ever thought he’d call home again, but between his lunatic dead brother bouncing around in secondhand glee, and the plastic half-woman he’s given his heart to, Five thinks he might be able to.

Yeah. He’s gotten pretty good at this.

End Notes

This is the weirdest thing I've ever written, and also possibly the best.

I'm usually not good at writing romance, but Delores and Five are fudging adorable once you get past the whole 'but she's a *mannequin'* part. I figure - hey, their mother was a robot, so they already have experience in caring about beings who may or may not be actual people. That's Klaus' rationalization, anyways. Five's is more along the lines of 'Delores is the only other intelligent person on the planet, of course I'm going to fall for her.'

Works inspired by this one

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!